

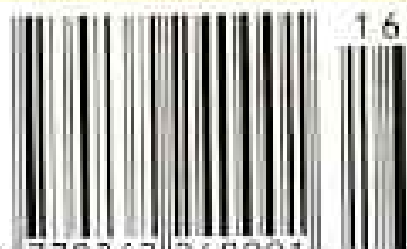
STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 171

32p



the TRIUNE WARRIOR



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STARBLAZER...

THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY




COVER BY KEITH ROBSON

1982 started with a tale from yet another young writer, Mike Chinn, who kept up a remarkably high standard over the years. Story number 71, Jaws of Death, was drawn by a stalwart of the British comic scene, Mike McMahon, his only contribution to Starblazer, but an impressive one.

| No. | TITLE | AUTHOR | ARTIST |
|-----|--------------------------------------|--------------|-------------|
| 64 | THE EXTERMINATOR | M. CHINN | ALCATENA |
| 65 | NEVERWORLD | G. P. RICE | ORTIZ |
| 66 | PIRATES OF KA-LOR | J. SPEER | ALCATENA |
| 67 | TIME TUNNEL | D. BROADBENT | SAICHANN |
| 68 | COSMIC KILLER | M. GORTON | SAROMPAS |
| 69 | NIGHTMARE PLANET | ALAN ROGERS | ORTIZ |
| 70 | SPACETROOPER ATTACK | ALAN ROGERS | K. ROBSON |
| 71 | JAWS OF DEATH | D. BROADBENT | M. MCMAHON |
| 72 | MASSACRE ON THULE | W. REED | BENET |
| 73 | FEAR ON THE SPACEWAYS | G. P. RICE | ORTIZ |
| 74 | KILLER CLONES | ALAN ROGERS | ALAN ROGERS |
| 75 | DOOMROCK | W. REED | ALCATENA |
| 76 | THE MIND OF MEREDITH MORGAN | G. P. RICE | PINO |
| 77 | FORTRESS OF FEAR | R. ASPDEN | ALCATENA |
| 78 | DOORWAY TO DEATH | M. FURNASS | N. LEE |
| 79 | RING OF TERROR | ALAN ROGERS | AMADOR |
| 80 | THE MAN WHO COULD WALK THROUGH WALLS | ALAN ROGERS | SAICHANN |
| 81 | SERPENTS OF SIRIUS | R. ASPDEN | ALCATENA |
| 82 | SPACE SHOOTOUT | T. STENT | BOLUDA |
| 83 | WEAPONWORLD | T. STENT | SAICHANN |
| 84 | THE LOST DESTROYER | R. CARTER | MONTERO |
| 85 | BEYOND THE BLACK HOLE | C. SHELBOURN | BENET |
| 86 | COSMIC OUTLAW | G. MORRISON | ORTIZ |
| 87 | HELL RAID ON VARGA | ALAN ROGERS | |

THE TRIUNE WARRIOR



AS DAWN BROKE OVER THE GENTLE
HILLS OF SOUTHERN SAXEYNN,
PRINCE KURDIS D'ANNEMARC OF
ANGLERRE AND HIS CLOSEST FRIEND,
EWAN SALADOTH, SUDDENLY FOUND
THEMSELVES ON THE END OF A LOCAL
RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

BRIGANDS! BY VISHENA,
EWAN, SAXEYNN
RECEIVES VISITING
ROYALTY STRANGELY!

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD
HAVE ANNOUNCED
YOURSELF FIRST, YOUR
HIGHNESS.



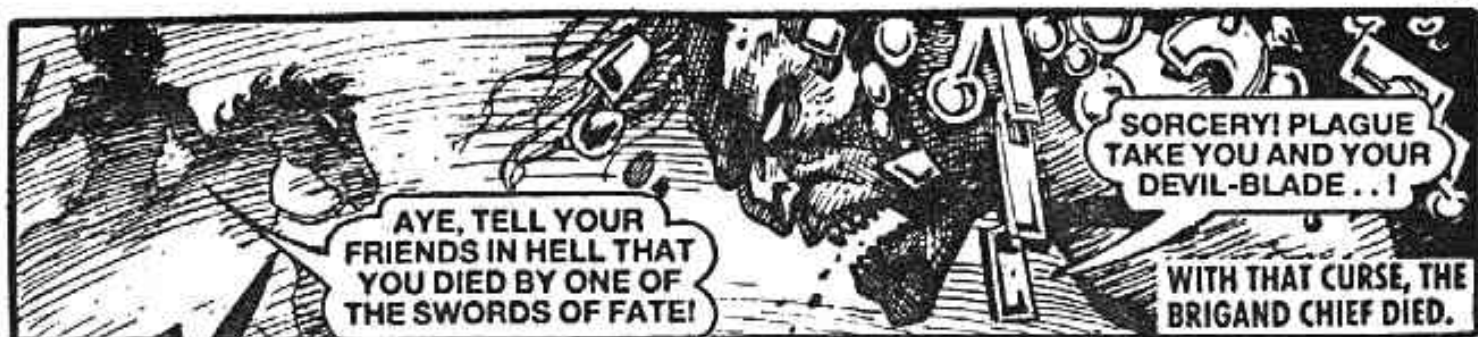
ROYALTY, EH? THEN YOU'LL
FETCH A FINE PRICE IN
RYJKEVYN'S SLAVE-MARKET
ON THE MORROW!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
CATCH ME FIRST!

BUT MORE LIKE 'T'WILL BE
YOUR OWN CARCASE
ADORNING A BUTCHER'S
BLOCK!

AAAHHH!
THE SWORD!
IT BURNS!

PRINCE KURDIS HEFTED A
MAGICAL SWORD GIVEN TO
HIM BY A GODLY
GUARDIAN, MYRDAN.



AYE, TELL YOUR
FRIENDS IN HELL THAT
YOU DIED BY ONE OF
THE SWORDS OF FATE!

SORCERY! PLAGUE
TAKE YOU AND YOUR
DEVIL-BLADE...!

WITH THAT CURSE, THE
BRIGAND CHIEF DIED.



YOUR HIGHNESS —
LOOK OUT!

MY THANKS, EWAN! THIS IS THE
BEST FIGHT WE'VE HAD IN
MANY A DAY, EH?

NOT FINDING THE EASY PICKING THEY HAD EXPECTED, THE BRIGANDS' NERVE FAILED, AND THEY FLED.

WHAT? HAD ENOUGH ALREADY?

LEAVE THEM BE, EWAN — SAXEYNNNE OFFERS LITTLE TO ANYONE NOT A THIEF OR PRIEST.



WHY SO GLOOMY, MY PRINCE?

THEIR CHIEFTAIN DIED CURSING THIS SORCEROUS BLADE, EWAN. I WONDER IF HE WASN'T RIGHT. I KNOW MYSELF HOW IT CAN BE BOTH CURSE AND BLESSING.



WITHOUT WARNING A BUBBLE OF SORCEROUS
ENERGY ENCLOSED THE PRINCE AND EWAN.

MERCIFUL GODS!
WHAT NOW?

MYRDAN! I SEEM TO
RECOGNISE THE TOUCH!

IN AN INSTANT, THEY
FOUND THEMSELVES
ELSEWHERE —

WITH A GESTURE, THE
MAGICIAN-SAGE TO THREE
GENERATIONS OF
D'ANNEMARC RULERS
DISSOLVED THE MAGICAL
BUBBLE.

IS ANGLERRE
IN DANGER . . . ?

I KNEW IT — MYRDAN! I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE
OVERSEEING
ANGLERRE IN MY
ABSENCE!

UNTIL YOU RETURN — AYE,
HIGHNESS. BUT SOMETHING
RATHER MORE IMPORTANT HAS
COME UP.

SOMEWHAT MORE
THAN JUST ANGLERRE,
HIGHNESS. IT SEEMS I
WAS A LITTLE FOOLISH
TO TAKE THE ESCAPE
OF THAT SUVETHIAN,
FYLORIX, AFTER YOU
HAD SLAIN HIS MASTER,
BLEYS, SO LIGHTLY.



HAS HE RETURNED WITH ALLIES, THEN?

HE HAS SOMEHOW REACHED BEYOND THE BARRIERS OF THE UNIVERSE OF TIME, AND FOUND THE ELDER GODS — THINGS WHICH EXISTED BEFORE CREATION. IF THEY ARE NOT DESTROYED, OR SENT BACK TO THE NON-PLACE WHICH SPAWNED THEM, THEN TIME ITSELF MAY BE DOOMED!

WHAT ARE THE GODS DOING, MYRDAN? SURELY THIS IS THEIR WORK?

AYE — AND SO IT WOULD BE. BUT THE ELDER GODS HAVE IMPRISONED OUR GOD, VISHENA, ALONG WITH THE SWORDS OF FATE — ALL BUT THE ONE YOU HOLD, PRINCE KURDIS. GODS AND ETERNALS ALIKE ARE HELPLESS.



ON A WORLD BOTH LIKE AND
UNLIKE EARTH, A STRANGE
FIGURE COULD BE SEEN RIDING
A BIZARRE MOUNT.

FIRST, QUEEN OF
VANQUEA — OF A RACE
THAT WAS CREATED BY
SORCERERS WHO WOULD
BE GODS, BUT PERISHED
FOR THEIR ARROGANCE.





BY THE SEVEN! THE
VERY GROUND
NOW SPROUTS
DEVILRY!

THE FIERY BALL
REACHED OUT FOR
THE VANQUEAN ...

... AND DREW HIM IN!

MERCIFUL GODS —
NO!


A MOMENT LATER, HE WAS IN THE
CENTRE OF THE STONE CIRCLE.

WELCOME, QUENEED. YOU'VE
CHANGED LITTLE, BUT THEN
FOR YOU IT IS MERE MONTHS
SINCE LAST WE MET.

AUNDREM — IS THAT YOU?
BY THE SEVEN, YOU'VE
AGED!

HERE THEY KNOW ME AS
MYRDAN, MY OLD FRIEND.
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, BUT
FIRST I MUST SUMMON
GARYN OF EYRAN.

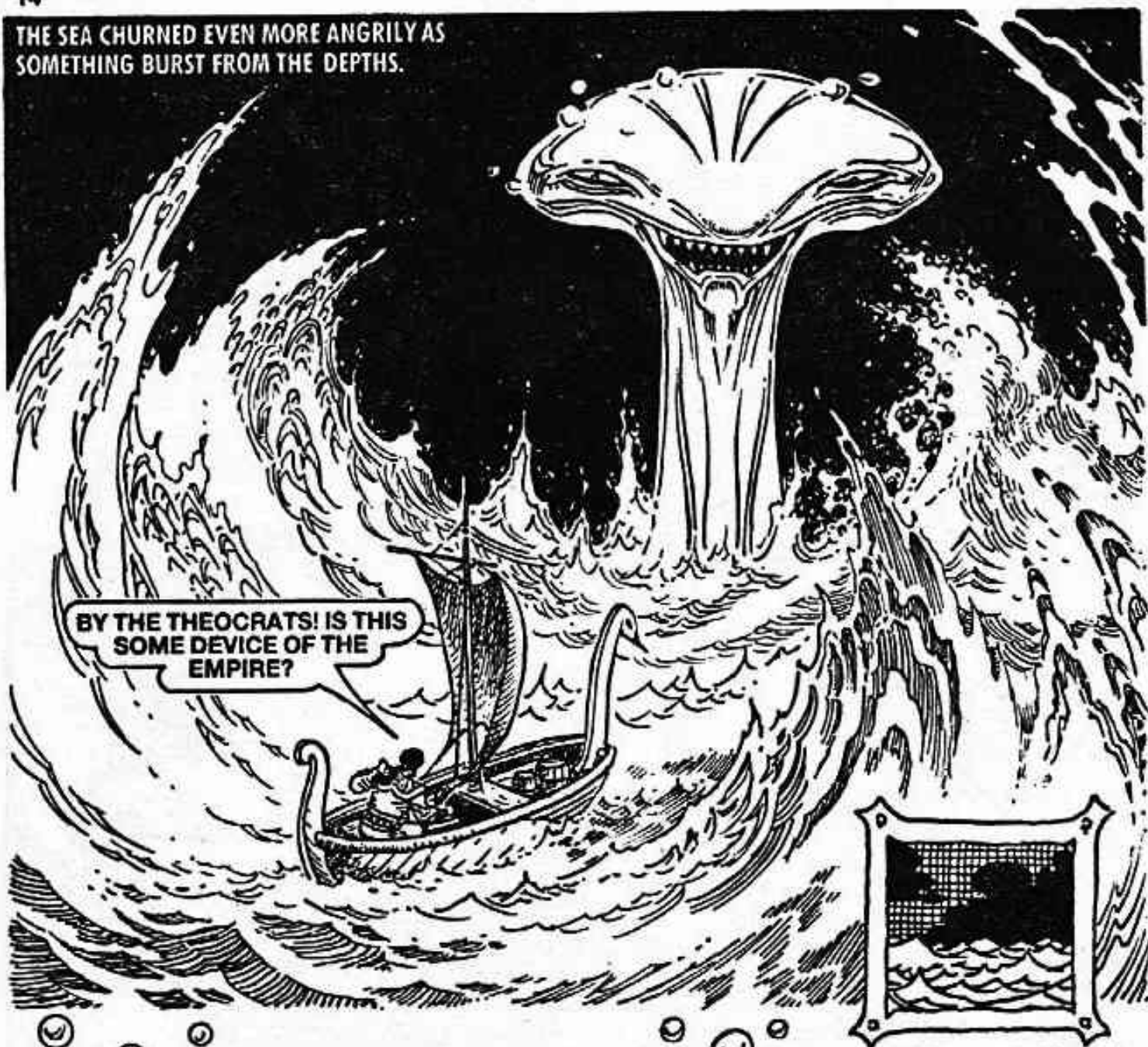
MYRDAN RAISED HIS ARM ONCE AGAIN.



GARYN OF THE ISLAND OF EYRAN, BUT RECENTLY THE
VICTOR IN A BIZARRE BATTLE AGAINST THE EVIL
QJISHMANI EMPIRE, WAS BATTLING THE ELEMENTS.

THIS SEA IS A MITE
ROUGHER THAN IS
COMFORTABLE.

THE SEA CHURNED EVEN MORE ANGRILY AS
SOMETHING BURST FROM THE DEPTHS.



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AN INSTANT LATER, HE JOINED
HIS NEW COMPANIONS IN THE
CIRCLE.

WHAT IS THIS — AND WHO
ARE YOU ALL? EMPIRE
LACKEYS COME TO AVENGE
YOUR EMPEROR'S DEATH?

GENTLY, GARYN. NONE OF US
HERE WISH YOU HARM, BUT
WE ARE IN SORE NEED OF
YOUR GOOD WILL AND AID.

AYE? AND WHY
SHOULD I
BELIEVE YOU?

BELIEVE HIM, MY FRIEND. I
KNEW HIM ONCE — IN
ANOTHER WORLD,
ANOTHER TIME. YOU MAY
NOT LIKE THE TRUTH HE
BRINGS YOU, BUT HE
NEVER LIES.

AT A GESTURE FROM MYRDAN,
FOUR MAGNIFICENT HORSES
ENTERED THE STONE RING.

MOUNT UP, PRINCE
KURDIS, GARYN AND EWAN
— WE HAVE FAR TO GO
BEFORE WE ENCOUNTER
THE PATH TO
ULTYMATHWYLL.



NIGHTFALL ALREADY? I
THOUGHT IT WAS BARELY
DAWN.

THE ELDER GODS BEGIN TO
TOY WITH OUR REALITY.
THERE IS LITTLE TIME TO
SPARE. RIDE!

TIME LOST ALL MEANING AS
DAY AND NIGHT FOUGHT
FOR DOMINANCE...

... SEASONS PROGRESSED
WITHOUT ORDER ...

... AND THE EARTH SEEMED NEVER
TO MOVE UNDER POUNDING HOOVES ...



... BUT FINALLY, IT SEEMED
THEY HAD REACHED THEIR
DESTINATION.

THERE! THAT GLITTERING
PATH LIGHTS THE WAY TO
ULTYMATHWYLL, THE LOST
KINGDOM OF THE NORTHERN
ICE, THE NEW HOME OF THE
ELDER ONES.

A STRANGE PATH INDEED,
MYRDAN. BUT THE ICE IS
THOUSANDS OF LEAGUES
NORTH OF HERE — TO RIDE
WOULD TAKE WEEKS!



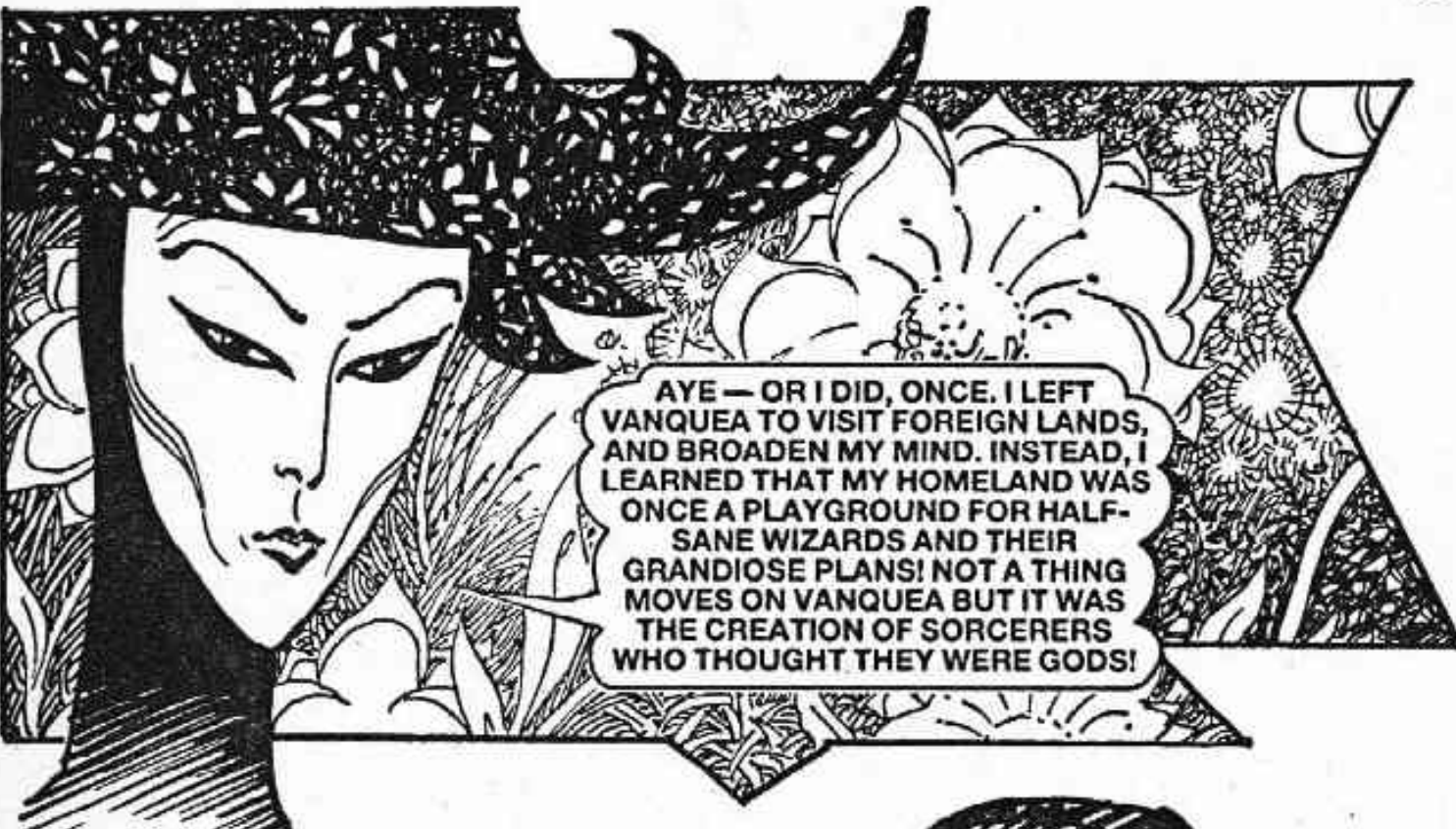
AYE — WHICH IS WHY WE
NEED NOT RIDE, HIGHNESS!

BY THE SEVEN, AUNDREM
— OR WHATEVER YOU CALL
YOURSELF THESE DAYS —
ALREADY YOU'VE SHOWN
ME A SIGHT TO RIVAL
SUNKEN VANITSEA.

YOU KNOW OUR MAGICIAN
WELL, QUENEED OF
VANQUEA?


A STRANGELY-BEAUTIFUL CRAFT SEEMED
TO GROW OUT OF THE GLITTERING TRAIL.






AYE — OR I DID, ONCE. I LEFT VANQUEA TO VISIT FOREIGN LANDS, AND BROADEN MY MIND. INSTEAD, I LEARNED THAT MY HOMELAND WAS ONCE A PLAYGROUND FOR HALF-SANE WIZARDS AND THEIR GRANDIOSE PLANS! NOT A THING MOVES ON VANQUEA BUT IT WAS THE CREATION OF SORCERERS WHO THOUGHT THEY WERE GODS!

GARYN OVERHEARD THE CONVERSATION —



I TOO WAS THE PLAYTHING OF WIZARDS — THE THEOCRATS OF KRAITH. CHOSEN AS A PAWN IN THEIR FINAL GAMBIT AGAINST AN EVIL EMPIRE, THEY INVESTED ME WITH SORCEROUS POWERS, TO BE THEIR CHAMPION. FOR ALL I KNOW — I HAVE THEM STILL.



I MYSELF AM THE SON OF HUMAN FATHER AND DEMONESS MOTHER. BUT I UNDERWENT STRANGE TRIALS TO RID MYSELF OF THE EVIL SORCEROUS HALF THAT WAS MY MOTHER'S BIRTHRIGHT. THERE SEEM TO BE SIMILARITIES IN OUR LIVES, GENTLEMEN.



WELL, MYRDAN?



YOU STRIKE CLOSE TO THE TRUTH, HIGHNESS. EACH OF YOU HAS EITHER BEEN TOUCHED BY PROFOUND SORCERY, OR OWES HIS ACTUAL EXISTENCE TO THE ARCANES POWERS. YOU ARE UNIQUE AMONG MEN — AND ONLY SUCH MEN MAY BECOME THE TRIUNE WARRIOR.

AYE? BUT WHAT EXACTLY IS THIS TRIUNE WARRIOR, MAGICIAN? MY FATHER, MYKI, TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR OWN TASTE FOR TRANSFORMATIONS OF ONE KIND OF ANOTHER — BUT THEY ARE ALL HUMAN, OR NEARLY SO.



NO ORDINARY MEN, THOUGH, EWAN SALADOTH. THEY ...

MYRDAN HESITATED, HIS EYES DRAWN UPWARDS.

HIDEOUS CREATURES LIKE HUGE SLUGS WERE LAZILY
CIRCLING THEIR FRAIL CRAFT, RADIATING MENACE.

VISHENA! WHAT IN THE NAME
OF ALL THAT'S SANE...?

FOLLOWERS OF THE ELDER
GODS, I DON'T DOUBT —
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE
TEMPORAL AND SPACIAL
DISRUPTIONS.

WHATEVER THEIR NATURE,
I'LL WAGER THEY HAVE
LITTLE LOVE FOR US!

SO SAYING, QUENEED DREW HIS
ALIEN SWORD AND DONNED A
FANTASTICALLY-SHAPED HELM.



ONE OF THE THINGS SWOOPED DOWN, UNCONCERNED BY QUENEED'S SLASHING BLADE.

BY THE SEVEN! IT'S LIKE CUTTING AT MUD!

SHOULD OUR FRIEND BE ALLOWED ALL THE FUN?

VISHENA! AT THE TOUCH OF OUR BLADES, THE THING BOILS AWAY LIKE SMOKE!

COULD IT BE BECAUSE OF WHO WE ARE — AS YOUR MYRDAN HINTED?

GARYN! AT YOUR BACK!

LORDS OF KRAITH!

GARYN HAD NO TIME TO THINK AS THE THING POUNCED...

HE REACTED INSTINCTIVELY, LASHING OUT.



MEANWHILE, EWAN WAS HAVING PROBLEMS OF HIS OWN.

WHY DON'T YOU DIE,
YOU OVERGROWN SNAIL?

HOLD FAST, EWAN — I'LL BE
WITH YOU INSTANTLY!

BY ALL
THE GODS!

EWAN!





MY THANKS, WIZARD!
THAT WAS A TOUCH
TOO CLOSE.

THINK NOTHING OF IT,
EWAN. I WAS
BEGINNING TO FEEL
REDUNDANT IN THIS
LITTLE FIGHT ANYWAY.



VISHENAI!

THE VAST SHAPES DRIFTING BELOW THEM EMANATED A MINDLESS,
DIRECTIONLESS FURY — A RAGE AT LIFE ITSELF.

AND NOW THOSE
THINGS HAVE FLED,
MYRDAN, WE HAVE A
QUESTION OR TWO FOR
YOU ...

AYE! SUCH AS HOW
THREE CAN KILL EASILY
WHAT ONE MAY NOT
EVEN SCRATCH?


GARYN? ARE
YOU HURT?

DID YOU NOT SEE?
WHAT I DID TO THAT
THING? THE POWER OF
THE THEOCRATS IS
STILL IN ME!

AS KURDIS AND QUENEED QUESTIONED THE WIZARD,
GARYN STOOD TO ONE SIDE, WRAPPED IN MISERY.

I HAVE ALREADY SAID YOU
THREE ARE
UNIQUE. TOGETHER, YOU ARE
GREATER THAN THE SUM OF
YOUR PARTS — THE TRIUNE
WARRIOR. EVEN BEFORE WE
REACH ULTYMATHWYLL,
YOUR POWER BEGINS TO
MANIFEST ITSELF.

AND THIS PATHWAY? AND
THE SHAPELESS
CREATURES THAT INHABIT
IT?



NEITHER ULTYMATHWYLL NOR
THIS PATHWAY EXIST FULLY IN
OUR DIMENSION OR TIME —
WHICH IS WHY THE ELDER GODS
HAVE CHOSEN THE LOST CITY AS
THEIR BOLT-HOLE.

PLAGUE TAKE YOU AND YOUR
MAGICSI YOU'RE AS BAD AS
THE THEOCRATS — PLAYING
GAMES WITH HUMAN LIVES TO
SATISFY SOME DESIRE WE
CANNOT BEGIN TO
UNDERSTAND!

EASY, MY FRIEND. BELIEVE
ME, I HAVE LITTLE LOVE
FOR THOSE WHO WOULD
TREAT US AS CHESS-
PIECES, BUT BLIND FURY IS
NOT THE WAY.

I UNDERSTAND YOUR
FEELINGS, GARYN — BUT I
THINK YOU WILL SHORTLY SEE
WHO IS IN THE RIGHT HERE!
YONDER LIES ULTYMATHWYLL.

ALL HEADS TURNED AS MYRDAN POINTED ...

ULTYMATHWYLL, THE CITY OF THE
FROZEN PLAIN, DEEP WITHIN A
BLACK SPHERE OF NOTHINGNESS.



NOW THE DANGER TRULY STARTS.
ONCE WE ENTER THAT BLACKNESS
WE ARE FULLY IN THE ELDER GODS'
REALM. REMEMBER — TIME AND
SPACE DO NOT EXIST HERE, TRUST
NONE OF YOUR SENSES — FOR, IN
TRUTH, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.

IF YOU WISHED TO ALARM
US ALL, MYRDAN — YOU
HAVE SUCCEEDED.

NOW, RIDE — FOR
YOUR LIVES.

IN MOMENTS, THEIR HORSES' HOOVES HAD LEFT THE ICE, AND
WERE GALLOPING SILENTLY THROUGH NOTHING.

THEN, FROM THE
DARKNESS, SPRANG
WARPED CARICATURES
OF KURDIS AND HIS
COMPANIONS.


BY VISHENA! WE
ARE ATTACKED ALREADY!

REFLECTIONS OF OUR
BASEST NATURES ONLY,
HIGHNESS. THEY ARE REAL
ONLY IF WE ALLOW THEM
TO BE.



THEY COLLAPSE INTO
NOTHING MORE THAN
SMOKE!

AYE — BUT WHAT A
FOUL SMELL! I COULD
BELIEVE IT DEADLY
POISONOUS BY ITSELF!



ULTYMATHWYLL ITSELF! I
THINK WE MAY DISMOUNT NOW
— THE ELDER GODS'
INFLUENCE IS LESS WITHIN
THESE WALLS THAN OUT.

MAYHAP! BUT WHO
BUILT THIS PLACE? NOT
HUMANS, I'LL WAGER.

INDEED! CREATURES WHO DWELLED ON EARTH LONG BEFORE MAN EVOLVED RAISED ULTYMATHWYLL — BEINGS WHOSE NATURES HELD SOMETHING IN COMMON WITH THE ELDER GODS, THOUGH THEY NEVER SHARED THEIR HATRED FOR LIFE. BUT SOFT — SOMETHING COMES!


HURRIEDLY, THEY DRAGGED THEIR HORSES INTO A DARK NICHE.

A FAMILIAR FIGURE LIMPED INTO VIEW — THE SUVETHIAN PRIEST-KING FYLORIX — THOUGH ONE SORELY CHANGED SINCE LAST KURDIS HAD SEEN HIM.

... AND I INSIST YOU ARE MISTAKEN! EVEN IF 'TWERE POSSIBLE — WHO WOULD BE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO BEARD THEIR MASTERS IN THEIR OWN DEN!?

FYLORIX! BY ALL THE GODS — WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?





NO ONE MAY TREAT WITH THE ELDER GODS AND REMAIN WHOLLY SANE, HIGHNESS. EVEN THE ETERNALS CAN ONLY STOMACH THEIR ANTI-LIFE NATURES FOR A SHORT TIME.

I WILL SHORTLY RAISE ANTICHRON THEN MY POWER WILL BE RESTORED.

ANTICHRON! SO THE LORD OF THE ELDER GODS IS STILL LOST IN ETERNITY SOMEWHERE! THEN WE HAVE AN ADVANTAGE I HAD NOT ANTICIPATED.

GRATIFYING TO KNOW, MAGICIAN. BUT WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE TO DO?

FIND VISHENA AND THE OTHER FIVE SWORDS OF FATE. ONCE UNITED WITH THE ONE YOU CARRY, KURDIS, WE MAY FORGE A BLADE WORTHY OF THE TRIUNE WARRIOR!

LEAVING THE HORSES HIDDEN, THEY BEGAN TO CREEP DOWN THE WINDING CORRIDORS.

THEY FOUND THEMSELVES ON
A HIGH BALCONY, LIT
POWERFULLY FROM BELOW.

WHAT IS THIS...?
BY THE SEVEN!

STRETCHING OUT FAR BELOW THEM
WAS A VAST CHAMBER — FILLED BY
THE TOWERING, HIDEOUS SHAPES OF
THE ELDER GODS.

WHAT DO YOU PREFER — I
WASTE TIME SEARCHING
ULTYMATHWYLL FOR NON-
EXISTENT THREATS OR
CONTINUE IN MY EFFORTS TO
RAISE ANTICHRON?

BEWARE YOUR AMBITIONS,
FYLORIX. WE MAY HAVE
SWORN TO LET YOU LIVE
AFTER WE HAVE DEVoured
HIS FOUL UNIVERSE, BUT
WE MAY YET CHANGE OUR
MINDS...



FYLORIX BOWED LOW, HIS BODY TREMBLING
WITH BOTH FEAR AND DISEASE.

I HUMBLY APOLOGISE, LORD
K'TRYR — THIS ACCURSED FEVER
OCCASIONALLY CLOUDS MY
JUDGEMENT. BUT I ASSURE YOU,
THERE IS NO ONE IN THIS CITY
BEYOND US . . .

IF YOU SAY SO, CREATURE OF
TIME, THEN YOU MAY CONTINUE
TO SEARCH FOR OUR LORD
ANTICHRON . . . WHAT IS THIS!?


THE DISEASED LIGHT OF THE ELDER GODS WAS DIMMED
BY THE BLAZE ERUPTING FROM THE CORRIDOR.

AND THEN A BLAZING FIGURE STEPPED INTO THE CHAMBER.

I HAVE COME FOR MY
LIEGE-LORD, VISHENA,
PRIMAL-SPAWN!

AH — THE BLAZING ARYOO,
LIGHT-BRINGER TO A DARK
UNIVERSE. AND FOOL!





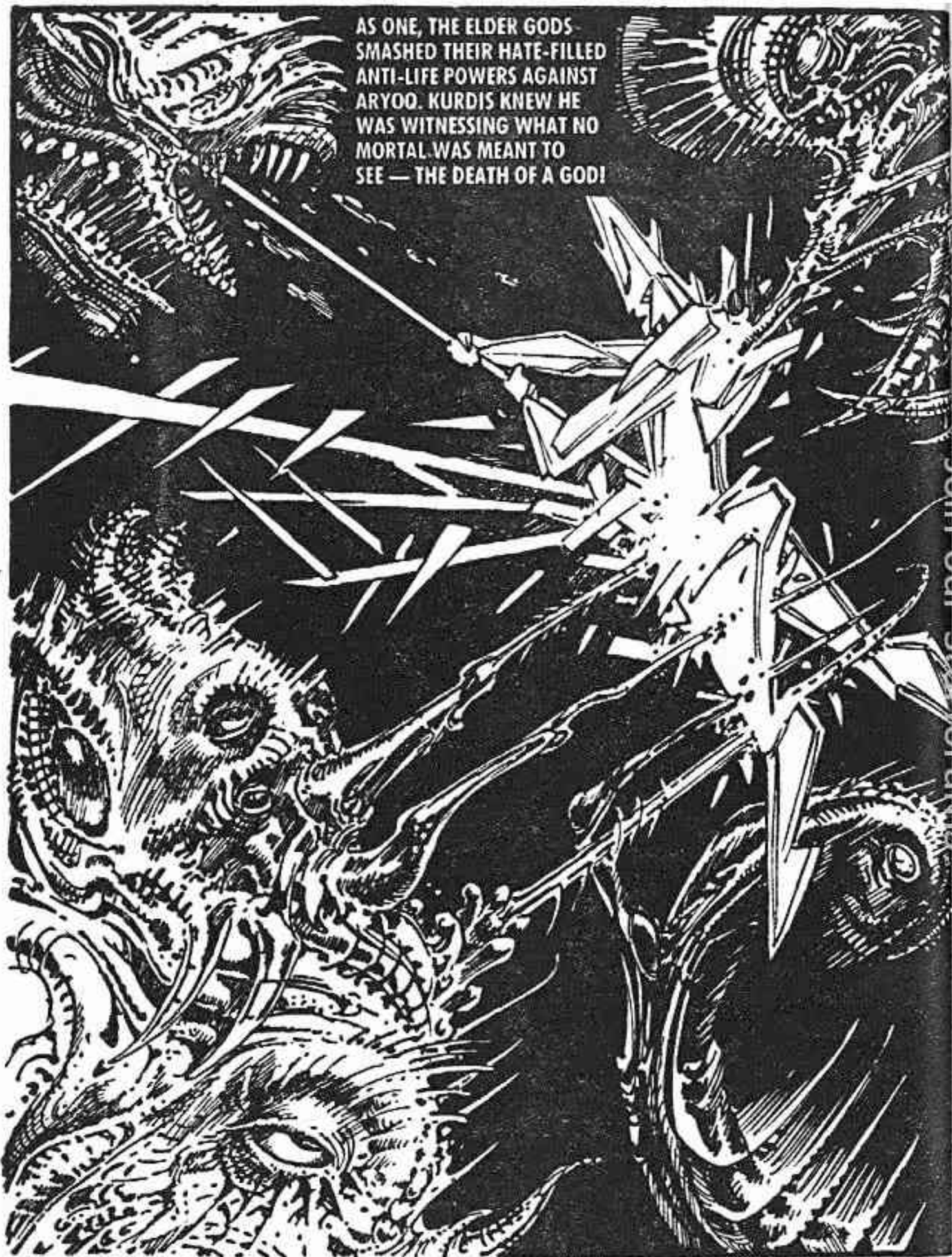
ARYOQ, YOU FOOL!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
NO GOD MAY SINGLY
STAND AGAINST THEIR
ANTI-LIFE POWERS!

ARYOQ HIMSELF?
MYRDAN — ISN'T THIS
GETTING TOO
DANGEROUS FOR MERE
FLESH AND BLOOD?

THY TIME IS DONE,
K'TRYRI THE UNIVERSE
IS GIVEN OVER TO
ORDER NOW! DEPART,
BEFORE EVEN THY
ANTI-EXISTENCE BE
DESTROYED!

TIME, ARYOQ? WE ARE
BEYOND TIME, AND SPACE,
AND EVEN GODLY FLESH.
AND WE DO NOT FEAR THY
SILVER SPEAR!


AS ONE, THE ELDER GODS
SMASHED THEIR HATE-FILLED
ANTI-LIFE POWERS AGAINST
ARYOO. KURDIS KNEW HE
WAS WITNESSING WHAT NO
MORTAL WAS MEANT TO
SEE — THE DEATH OF A GOD!



POWERLESS AGAINST THE ELDER GODS' COMBINED HATRED, ARYOQ SANK TO THE FLOOR, EVEN HIS SPEAR OF CREATION FAILING TO WITHSTAND SUCH ANTI-LIFE SORCERY.

THUS FALLS THE FIRST OF THIS REALM'S GODS! ONCE ANTICHRON IS RAISED, AND WE HAVE THE SIXTH SWORD OF FATE, TRULY NOTHING CAN CHALLENGE US!



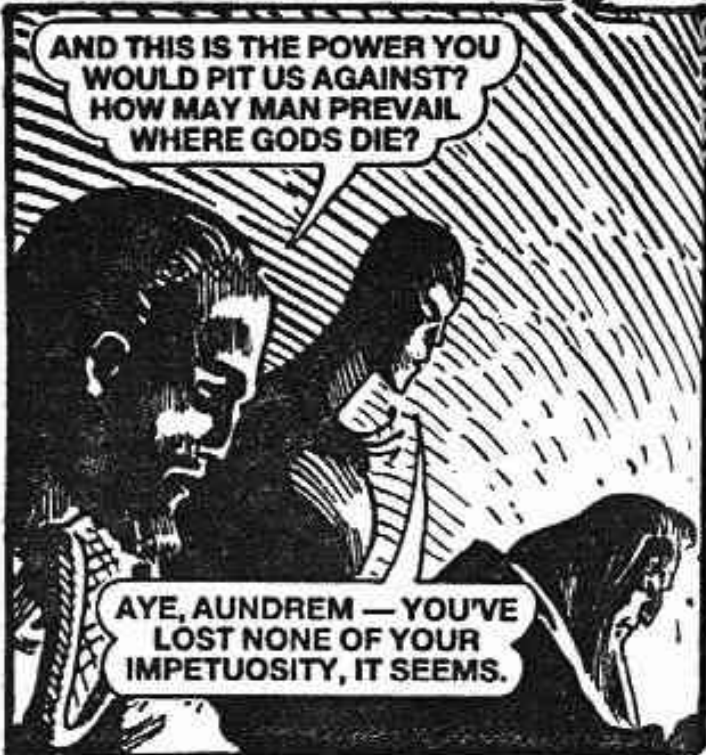


LEAVE THAT CARRION
FOR WHATEVER WOULD
HAVE IT. BUT FIND
FYLORIX! I WOULD
HEAR HOW THE
PRESENCE OF A GOD
WENT UNNOTICED IN
HIS SEARCH!

THE HIDEOUS CREATURES SLITHERED
FROM THE CHAMBER, LEAVING
ARYOQ TO AN IGNOMINIOUS DEATH.


ONCE THE CHAMBER WAS CLEAR,
MYRDAN LOWERED HIS
COMPANIONS FROM THE HIGH
BALCONY.

HOW DID SHINING
ARYOQ COME TO THIS?
ONE OF THE HIGH
ONES — CUT DOWN
LIKE A DOG!



AND THIS IS THE POWER YOU
WOULD PIT US AGAINST?
HOW MAY MAN PREVAIL
WHERE GODS DIE?

AYE, AUNDREM — YOU'VE
LOST NONE OF YOUR
IMPETUOSITY, IT SEEMS.



WE CAN DEFEAT THEM! THE
TRIUNE WARRIOR HAS THE
POWER! ARYOO'S DEATH
MUST NOT BE IN VAIN!

AS MYRDAN SEIZED UP THE GOD'S SILVER
SPEAR AND STALKED FROM THE CHAMBER,
KURDIS REFLECTED HE HAD NEVER BEFORE
SEEN SUCH FURY AND DETERMINATION IN
THE MAGICIAN'S EYES.



ELSEWHERE IN
ULTYMATHWYLL,
THE HAPLESS
FYLORIX HAD
BEEN FOUND BY
K'TRYR.



I SUSPECT YOUR
USEFULNESS TO US
GROWS CLOSE TO AN
END, FLESH-THING. IF
THE ELDER GODS DID
NOT REQUIRE HUMAN
INTERCESSION TO
DRAW US FROM THE
TIMELESS VOID I
WOULD FEED ON YOUR
DISEASED FLESH NOW!




GREAT K'TRYR! HOW
COULD A MERE
MORTAL KNOW THAT A
GOD STALKED THIS
CITY?



I TIRE OF YOUR
EXCUSES, FYLORIX! TO
THE CENTRAL PLAZA,
NOW — AND FINISH
RAISING ANTICHRON!



Y-YES, GREAT
K'TRYR!



I DID NOT THINK IT POSSIBLE FOR A GOD TO DIE, MYRDAN.

EVERYTHING DIES, HIGHNESS — EVEN ETERNALS ARE NOT TRULY IMMORTAL. A GOD MAY NEVER GROW OLD, BUT STILL HE MAY BE SLAIN. ONE DAY THE UNIVERSES WILL END, AND EVEN THE GODS CANNOT SURVIVE THE END OF TIME.

AND THAT IS WHAT THE ELDER GODS THREATEN — THE END OF TIME?

AYE, HIGHNESS. A TRUE ETERNITY — FOR WHERE THERE IS NO TIME, THERE CAN BE NO END!

KURDIS WENT COLD — IT WAS SOMETHING HE COULD BARELY BRING HIMSELF TO THINK ABOUT.

AND THEN THEY FOUND THEIR QUARRY, PINNED HELPLESS
AGAINST A PORTAL IN ETERNITY ITSELF.

VISHENA!
AT LAST!

GLAD IT IS I AM TO SEE THEE,
MYRDANI AND PRINCE
KURDIS. BUT I FEAR EVEN THY
CRAFTY ARTS BE POWERLESS
AGAINST THESE SHACKLES.







LINK LEFT
ARMS, THEN!

AYE — LET'S DANCE AT
THEIR WAKES, EH?

AS THE THREE TOUCHED HANDS, THEIR
SWORD-STROKES SUDDENLY BECAME
DEADLY EFFECTIVE.

IT IS AS I FEARED, MYRDAN.
THY MAGICKS CANNOT MATCH THE
ANTI-LIFE POWERS OF THE ELDER
ONES!

MYRDAN STROVE IN VAIN
TO BREAK THE GOD FREE.



WAIT! I HAVE THE SHINING
ONE'S SPEAR! PERHAPS
THE FIRES OF CREATION
WILL SUCCEED WHERE I
CANNOT.



BUT THE MAGICIAN HAD NOT COUNTED ON THE POWER OF THE THEOCRATS, WIELDED UNCONSCIOUSLY BY GARYN.



BY VISHENA! WITHOUT THINKING, GARYN HAS SOMEHOW CREATED A SHIELD AROUND US, STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND EVEN ARYOQ'S POWER!

BY THE ALL-FATHER — FORGIVE ME! MY DESIRE AND ANGER BLINDED ME TO THE DANGERS.

HE LIVES, MYRDAN. IT SEEMS THOU DIDST CHOOSE WISELY — THOUGH I SENSE HIS SOUL IS NOT OF MY REALM.

GENTLY, MYRDAN LIFTED GARYN'S SEMI-CONSCIOUS BODY.


NEITHER GARYN NOR QUENEED ARE OF THIS UNIVERSE, LORD VISHENA. BUT NOW, WHERE ARE THE SWORDS OF FATE?

STORED DEEP WITHIN ULTYMATHWYLL. THE ELDER ONES FEAR THEIR POWER — AND RIGHTLY!

IN ULTYMATHWYLL'S CENTRAL PLAZA,
FYLORIX CONTINUED TO DIRECT ALL OF
HIS WANING ENERGY TOWARDS
RAISING ANTICHRON.

HASTEN, FLESH-THING! I
HUNGER TO TASTE THIS
WORLD'S DEATH...!

SUCCESS, GREAT K'TRYRI! I
SENSE THE THOUGHTS OF
ANTICHRON DEEP WITHIN
THE VOID!



THEN A RIPPLE OF CONSTERNATION RAN
THROUGH THE ELDER GODS' RANKS.

WHAT IS THAT? SOMEONE
HAS RELEASED THE FULL
POWER OF ARYOQ'S SPEAR
WITHIN VISHENA'S PRISON!

IF THERE ARE OTHER
INTRUDERS WE CAN
WASTE NO MORE TIME
ON THEM. FYLORIX —
PROCEED!

YES, GREAT ONE . . .

AS ONE OF THE ELDER ONES FLOWED BACK
INTO THE CITY ON VAST WINGS, THE
PRIEST-KING SENT HIS MIND DEEPER INTO
THE VOID.

ANTICHRON IS DEEPER WITHIN THE TIMELESS VOID THAN ANY OF THE OTHER ELDER GODS. WHEN TIME BEGAN AND THE MULTIPLE DIMENSIONS WERE SPAWNED, HE HURLED HIMSELF FURTHER AWAY FROM THE DESPISED ORDER IN SEARCH OF A REMNANT OF THAT NOTHINGNESS WHICH HAD EXISTED BEFORE.



AND THEN ...

ARISE ANTICHRON!




ANTICHRON!!!!



**I AM ANTICHRON!
I AM HERE!**

**AT THE PRIEST-KING'S WORDS, A MASSIVE SURGE OF ENERGY AND MATTER BURST
FROM THE VOID — LARGER STILL THAN ALL THE ELDER GODS STANDING IN
WORSHIPFUL ATTENDANCE.**



DID YOU FEEL THAT,
LORD VISHENA?

AYE, MYRDAN — I
FEAR FYLORIX
HATH FINALLY
RAISED DREAD
ANTICHRON. WE
HAVE LITTLE TIME
LEFT.

DESPITE YOUR
FEELINGS FOR THE
POWERS LEFT IN YOU
BY THESE THEOCRATS,
GARYN, I FOR ONE AM
GRATEFUL FOR THEM.
YOU SAVED ALL OUR
LIVES.

THEN A HUGE, VISCOUS
MASS APPEARED IN THE
CORRIDOR, COMING
IMPLACABLY TOWARDS
THEM.

A SHUGGATHI! THOSE
MINDLESS THINGS ARE
PRACTICALLY IMMUNE
TO SORCERY!

PERHAPS, QUENEED — BUT
IT IS STILL A POWER I FEAR,
ONE I DID NOT ASK FOR.

WE THREE SUCCEEDED
BEFORE WHEN WE
JOINED HANDS — WILL
IT WORK AGAIN?

ONCE AGAIN, THE THREE
ADVANCED ON THE THING.

BEWARE! SHUGGATHI ARE
EVEN LESS SOLID THAN
THOSE CREATURES WE
FOUGHT ON THE PATHWAY!

MORE THAN STEEL
WILL BE NEEDED HERE,
MYRDAN — THY
RELUCTANT SORCERER
MUST NEEDS WIELD HIS
TALENTS AGAIN!

BY THE GODS! THOUGH WE
ATTACK TOGETHER AS
BEFORE, OUR BLADES HAVE
NO MORE EFFECT THAN
SLASHING THROUGH
WATER!

UNAFFECTED BY THEIR ATTACK, THE
SQUIRMING THING PRESSED
FORWARD ...

AYE! MAYHAP WHATEVER
OUR AFFINITY IS, IT
WEAKENS SO DEEP INSIDE
ULTYMATHWYLL.

... AND ABSORBED THE THREE
MEN INTO ITS GELID FLESH.

GARYNI! YOU MUST USE THE
POWER OF THE
THEOCRATS! STEEL ALONE
IS USELESS AGAINST THIS
THING!

NEVER! SORCERY IS EVIL!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEAR BUT IF WE FAIL HERE THIS UNIVERSE IS DOOMED — AND HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE YOUR OWN WORLD FALLS TO THE ELDER GODS!?

MYRDAN, JOIN YOUR POWERS WITH THOSE OF GARYN'S, IT MAY JUST BE ENOUGH!

THEN HELP ME!
HELP ME!

THEN A FIERCE GLOW BEGAN TO BUILD UP INSIDE THE SHUGGATHI'S VERY BODY, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IT STARTED TO WRITHE IN PAIN.





AN INSTANT LATER, THE SHUGGATHI WAS BLOWN APART
— CHUNKS OF ITS FOUL BODY FLYING ABOUT THE CORRIDOR.

BY THE GODS — UNABLE TO
KILL US IN LIFE, THE THING
NOW TRIES TO SUFFOCATE
US IN DEATH. WHAT A
STENCH!



I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY
FOR MY COWARDICE,
PRINCE KURDIS — AND MY
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

KURDIS GRASPED GARYN'S HAND, FEELING A
KINSHIP WITH THE MAN'S CONFUSION AND
DOUBTS.



NO APOLOGY OR
THANKS ARE NEEDED,
GARYN OF EYRAN —
WITHOUT YOUR, AH —
TALENTS — NONE OF
US WOULD BE HERE
NOW.



HELP, HIGHNESS? WHAT
HAPPENED INSIDE THE
SHUGGATHI?

SOMEHOW I WAS ABLE TO
CHANNEL GARYN'S RAW
POWER FOR HIM,
DESTROYING THE
SHUGGATHI.

BACK IN THE CITY'S CENTRAL PLAZA,
ANTICHRON AND K'TRYR RECEIVED
UNWELCOME NEWS.

MY LORD ANTICHRON!
LORD K'TRYR! THE FLESH-
THINGS AND VISHENA HAVE
DESTROYED A SHUGGATHI
AND EVEN NOW NEAR THE
VAULT WHEREIN LIE THE
SWORDS OF FATE!

THIS IS BAD NEWS INDEED!
IF THE SWORDS ARE
RECOVERED, VISHENA MAY
HAVE SOME MEANS TO
SAVE THIS PLANE!

COME, WE ATTACK!

FOLLOW ME! YET MAY
WE THWART THIS TIME-
WORSHIPPING GOD
AND HIS FLESHLY
FOLLOWERS!

UNAWARE OF THE HORROR APPROACHING THEM, THE MEMBERS OF THE QUEST HAD FINALLY REACHED THEIR OBJECTIVE.





I HAVE THE SWORDS OF
FATE!

AAAHHH — THE PAIN! YET
ALL THE AGONY IN THE
COSMOS CANNOT HOLD ME
BACK!

NOW, WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE,
I MUST CREATE THE TRIUNE
WARRIOR! QUENEED, KURDIS,
GARYN — EACH TAKE TWO OF THE
SWORDS OF FATE. THEN STAND
ASIDE!



KURDIS D'ANNEMARC, QUEENED OF VANQUEA, GARYN OF EYRAN — HEAD, HEART AND SPIRIT. EACH OF YOU HAS HIS OWN ATTRIBUTES, EACH BRINGS HIS OWN TALENTS. ONE WAS BORN OF SORCERY, ONE ATTAINED SORCERY, ONE HAD SORCERY THRUST UPON HIM: TOGETHER, YOU ARE ONE . . .

THE TRIUNE WARRIOR!

SUMMONING EVERY FRACTION OF HIS OCCULT POWERS, MYRDAN HURLED THE GREATEST SPELL HE HAD EVER FORGED AT THE THREE.

THEN THE VAULT'S ROOF WAS BLASTED ASUNDER BY THE ANTI-LIFE POWERS OF THE ELDER GODS.

FOOLISH THINGS OF FLESH AND TIME! YOU SHOULD HAVE FLED WHILST STILL YOU COULD. NOW NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU!

ARE YOU SURE, ANTICHRON?




AND FROM THE
SWIRLING MISTS STEPPED
THE TRIUNE WARRIOR.

BEYOND THE GODS,
BEYOND LAW AND CHAOS,
EQUAL TO THE ALL-FATHER
HIMSELF: I AM THE TRIUNE
WARRIOR! I AM THY LONG-
POSTPONED DEATH,
ANTICHRON!

THY ANTI-LIFE POWERS
ARE USELESS AGAINST
ME, ANTICHRON!

THEN THE BATTLE BEGAN IN EARNEST ...

I FEAR WHAT WE HAVE
WROUGHT, MYRDANI! THE
TRIUNE WARRIOR OBEYS NO
LAW OTHER THAN THE NEEDS
OF TIME AND FATE.



WE WILL NOT BE
THWARTED! NOT AFTER
SO LONG A WAIT!


SO LONG A WAIT,
K'TRYR? I THOUGHT
THOU ACKNOWLEDGED
NOT THE RULE OF
TIME?

I WILL DO THEE A FAVOUR,
FOUL ONE — AND SEND
THEE BEYOND SPACE AND
TIME FOREVER!

AS THE WARRIOR'S GREAT BLADE SLICED INTO
THE ELDER GOD, HIS SUBSTANCE BEGAN TO
BOIL AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS.

WE MUST LEAVE,
QUICKLY! THIS IS NO
PLACE FOR EITHER
GODS OR MAN!

BUT WHAT ABOUT KURDIS,
AND THE OTHERS?



BELIEVE ME, EWAN — THE
THREE THAT YOU KNEW
ARE MUCH BETTER
ADAPTED TO SURVIVE THIS
HOLOCAUST THAN ARE WE!


WITH A BLAZE OF LIGHT, MYRDAN TRANSPORTED
THEM FAR FROM EMBATTLED ULTYMATHWYLL.

LET US SEE HOW YOU
WITHSTAND OUR
COMBINED POWERS,
WARRIOR! NOT EVEN
BLAZING ARYOQ COULD
PREVAIL AGAINST SUCH
MIGHT!

ARYOQ WAS NOT
ARMED WITH THIS
BLADE, ANTICHRON.

THE SWORD ABSORBED THE
ANTI-LIFE SPELLS EASILY,
RELAYING THE POWER TO THE
WARRIOR...

... WHO RETURNED IT GLADLY!




AND NOW — YOU WHO
CLAIM TO WORSHIP THE
VOID OF NOTHINGNESS,
GAZE ONCE MORE UPON
THE FACE OF TIMELESS
NON-EXISTENCE!

HIS BLADE SLICING THROUGH THE FABRIC OF SPACE AND
TIME, THE WARRIOR CUT A RENT TO THAT WHICH
STRETCHED ENDLESSLY BEYOND CREATION.

AND SO — LET THE VOID
CLAIM THEE!

AS ONE, THE ELDER GODS
WERE DRAGGED FROM THE
MANY FACES OF REALITY TO
THE REALM OF NON-BEING,
TO WHICH THEY HAD SO
LONG YEARNED TO RETURN.



FYLORIX! DO NOT
THINK THAT THOU WILL
ESCAPE EITHER,
TRAITOR TO THE
UNIVERSE.

MERCY? I WILL GRANT
THEE THE MERCY OF
AN ETERNITY OF
SENTIENT NON-LIFE
WITH THY CHOSEN
MASTERS, PRIEST-
KING!

AS FYLORIX WAS BLASTED THROUGH THE RENT IN
REALITY, IT CLOSED ETERNALLY BEHIND HIM.


NO, NO! MERCY!

ON THE ICE-PLAIN BEYOND THE CITY, THE GIANT
REJOINED HIS THREE ERSTWHILE COMPANIONS.

THE MYRIAD PLANES OWE
YOU A DEBT BEYOND MY
ABILITY TO THANK YOU,
WARRIOR — BUT NOW YOU
MUST BECOME MORTAL
MEN ONCE MORE.

I THINK NOT, WIZARD! I FIND
THIS LIFE MOST PLEASING
— I WOULD TASTE THE
PLEASURES OF THE
UNIVERSES A WHILE.

BUT SOMEHOW, FIGHTING ITSELF FREE OF THE
'JOINT WILL, GARYN'S SOUL CRIED OUT.



NO! KURDIS! QUENEED!
RESIST IT — THIS IS THE
LURE OF LIMITLESS
POWER!

SILENCE! YOU CANNOT
RESIST! YOUR
PERSONALITY MUST
BECOME SUBMERGED
IN OURS! THE WARRIOR
IS ONE!

NO! BY THE POWER OF THE
THEOCRATS — I WILL NOT
ALLOW IT!

SUMMONING ALL OF THE OCCULT POWERS
HE SO LOATHED, GARYN TORE THE
TRIUNE WARRIOR'S BODY ASUNDER.



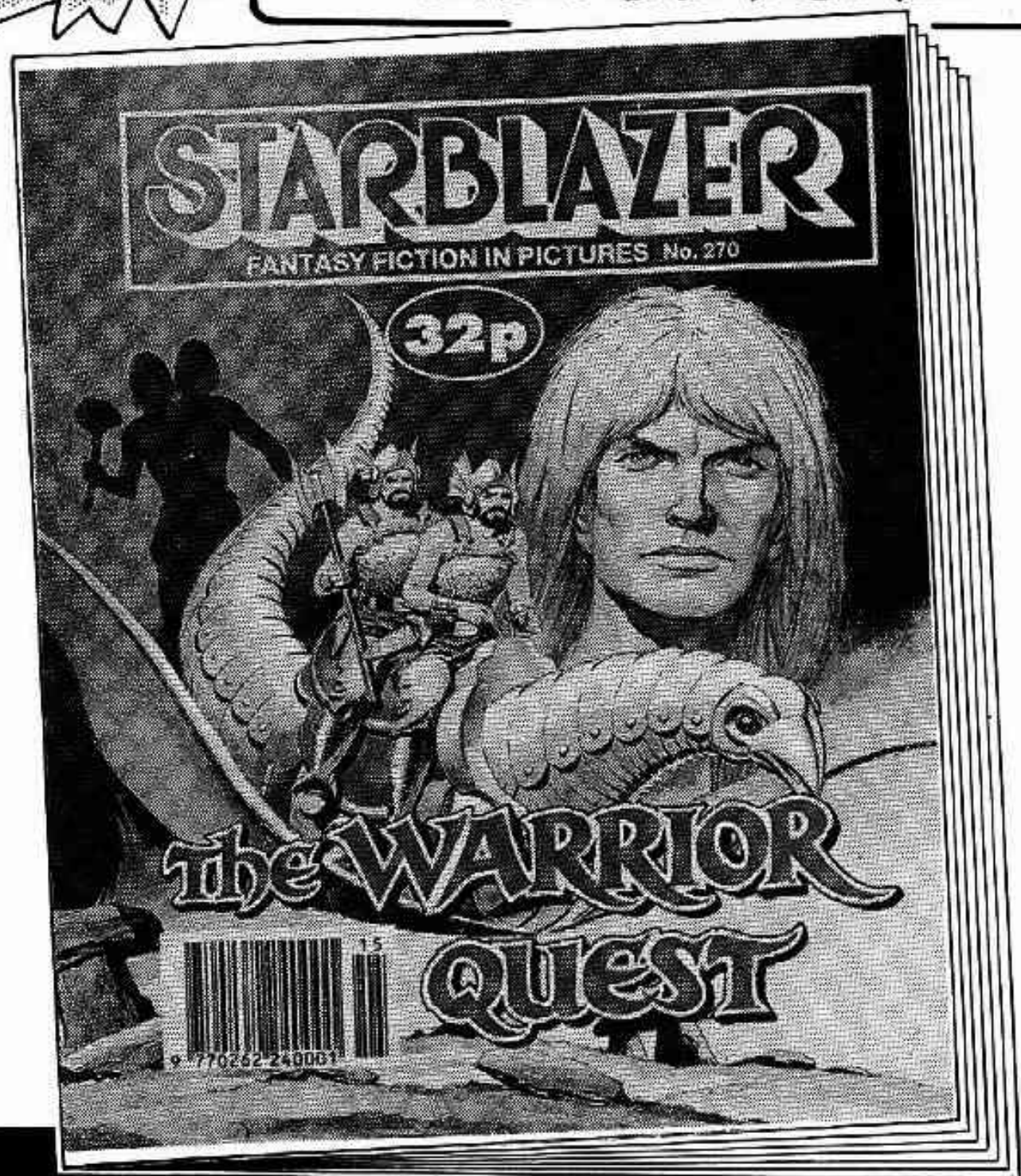
YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE. AND SHOULD THIS PLANE EVER BE IN SUCH GRAVE DANGER AGAIN, BE SURE YOU ARE THE FIRST I WILL CALL ON!

AS MYRDAN AND VISHENA OPENED OCCULT PORTALS TO THEIR FAR DISTANT WORLDS, GARYN AND QUENEED PAUSED TO SALUTE THE YOUNG PRINCE — NEW FRIEND AND COMPANION IN THE STRANGEST ADVENTURES MORTAL MAN HAD EVER KNOWN.



**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**



NOW ON SALE

THE TRIUNE WARRIOR

The hour of reckoning had come! A warlock defeated by superior powers fled to the dark recesses of the universe, where he enlisted the aid of creatures spawned before time began in his lunatic frenzy for revenge.

Only three great warriors stood between him and the end of time itself, but first they had to learn the secret of the Triune Warrior.



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